THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 25. Whole No. 77.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. THE TICKLER shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, IN ADVANCE. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

PROPOSALS

BY

JOSEPH SCOTT,

Author of the United States Gazetteer. the Modern Geographical Dictionary, in 4 vols octavo, the Elements of Geography for the use of Schools, &c.

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION

CELESTIAL & TERRESTRIAL

GLOBES.

******

The publisher is induced to issue these proposals, from the consideration that it will require a considerable capital to engage in the business; it would therefore be imprudent to hazard the publication, unless there is previous encouragement given.

Although we owe allegiance to no government but our own, yet we cannot say that we are really independent, as long as we are obliged to have recourse to foreign countries for their manufactures, &c. Let us lessen, as soon as possible, the number of our applications to foreign nations to supply our wants, and encourage the industry of our own citizens. While we are in the act of supplying our wants by the industry of foreign nations, let us not, in the mean time, forget to cultivate the arts and sciences. It is the cultivation of the arts and sciences that gives character, dignity, and splendor to a nation.

....

CONDITIONS.

I. The Celestial and Terrestrial Globes, shall each be twelve inches in diameter.

II. They shall be constructed similar to Adams's 12 inch globes.

III. They shall be mounted and finished in the most elegant manner, and equal in correctness to any of the imported globes.

IV. The price shall be twenty-six dollars each pair, six dollars less than those imported.

V. As soon as the publisher receives sufficient encouragement, he will commence constructing them.

Subscriptions are received at the principal bookstores.

July 26.

Dr. Godbold's

Vegetable Balm of Life.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

The following certificate is published at the request of the under-mentioned *NOBILITY*, &c. who honoured the late Proprietor with their names, to prove the validity of his assertions and for the good of mankind.

Godbold's Vegetable Balm of Life,

So truly efficacious in the cure of Consumptions and Asthmas, ought not only to be held in high estimation, but its reputation ever preserved; for which purpose, in justice to Mr. Godbold, sole patentee of the Vegetable Balm of Life, (and as a tribute due to him for the many years study and infinite expence he has been at, in discovering and bringing to perfection a medicine of such utility and importance,) we do hereby certify and declare, that this medicine, the superior efficacy of which we have experienced in our own families and to whomsoever we have recommended it, is a sovereign remedy in Consumptions, Asthmas, Coughs, Colds, and Scorbutic complaints; we, therefore, recommend it as highly necessary to be kept in all families, and it is our earnest request that the afflicted may give it trial, being convinced of its certain success in those complaints.

Most noble the marquis of Lothian
Right hon. viscount Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lord Grantley
Right hon. lord Macdonald
Right hon. lord Fortescue
Right hon. lord Montfort
Right hon. viscountess Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lady dowager Grantley
Right hon. lady dowager Fortescue
Right hon. Mr. Shirley
Right hon. lady dowager viscountess Falmouth
Lady Appreece
Sir John Coghill, bart.
Sir Francis Blake, bart.
Sir Brook Bridges, bart.
Sir Edward Newenham, bart. M. P. for Dublin
Judge Barrington, ditto
Sir George Armstrong, bart.
Sir James Lake, bart.
General Drouly
Colonel Doyle, and
Colonel De Bath.

The proprietor had the honour to receive a letter from the right hon. earl of Stamford, wherein he says, 'I shall with pleasure give any person who might apply to me, my opinion of the good effects of your most valuable medicine.'

Attested certificates from the above noble persons, explaining the particulars of each cure effected, are wrapped round each bottle, together with other certificates too numerous to mention.

This medicine is sold by appointment of the proprietor, in bottles at one dollar each, by

W. LEHMAN, W. SMITH & SON,
South Second-street, 1st house above the Bank of Pennsylvania.
JOHN Y. BRYANT,
Corner of Pine & Second-streets.
JOHN HART,
South Second near Market-street.
BAZIN & CO.
No. 11, north Second-street.
SAMUEL WETHERILL & SON,
Front-street near Arch-street.
JOHN WETHERILL,
Corner of Arch and Front-streets.
STEPHEN NORTH,
No. 85, Market-street.
RICHARD HEIMBERGER,
No. 200, north 2d street.

And likewise by the proprietor himself,

Henry Ward,

Corner of Walnut and Eighth-streets.

At the same places may be had, Dr. Jebb's Nature's Restorative, and also, Dr. Tissot's Gout and Rheumatic Drops.

A liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase by the dozen.

NB. None are genuine without the signature of the proprietor as above.

May 3, 1809.

Dr. John Dyott,

Professional Dentist,

FROM LONDON.

RESPECTFULLY *acquaints the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, and the public in general, that he continues to practice at No.* 116, *north* 2d *street, Philadelphia, where he performs every operation upon* TEETH—*cures the tooth-ache & the scurvy in the gums, be it ever so inveterate; fastens loose teeth by making the gums grow firm up to them; renders teeth white & beautiful, prevents their decay, keeps such as are so from becoming worse; fills up those that are hollow, which not only renders them useful but prevents their aching and further decay; extracts teeth and stumps with ease; transplants teeth, makes & fixes artificial teeth in various ways, and regulates the teeth in children.*

Dr. D. fits artificial teeth from one to an entire set, with such nicety, as to answer the useful purposes of nature, & of so natural an appearance, that it is impossible to distinguish them from real ones.

Dr. D. flatters himself from the extensive practice which he has had in the city of London & other parts of Europe, to give to all those who favor him with their custom, every possible satisfaction.

PATENT

WALL COLOURING,

AND PAINTING

IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.

THE subscriber respectfully presents his thanks to to the public, for the general encouragement he has met with, in the above-mentioned new method of ornamenting walls instead of papering; and as a number of improvements have been made, some defects discovered and accordingly corrected, he flatters himself, that a repetition of his former advertisements, as also a statement of his improvements, will be acceptable to the citizens at large. The superior advantages attending this painting, in respect to durability, cost, and not being a harbor for insects, must be obvious to every unprejudiced observer. It is generally known, that paper cannot be made to last long on damp walls, whereas the painting when executed in water colors, will stand proof for a considerable time, without being injured by it. The roughness of walls is as effectually hid by the painting when figured, as by papering, and when become scaly by repeated white washing, the subscriber has them scraped and cleansed with appropriate instruments. Among the number of his improvements may be rated in the first instance, his greater facility and accuracy in copying the most difficult patterns from paper. He has also discovered a better method of preparing his colors for plain grounds on new walls, and old ones, exposed to damp. He has invented a machine for a scaffold to raise and lower and move about without coming down, practicable in all parts of a building, by which means he will be enabled to do his work nearly half as fast again. He will for the future be better aided by proper instructed assistants, so as to prevent disappointment, and also establish a better, and to the public more satisfactory regulation of his prices.

Specimens in oil and water colours, may be seen in all parts of the city and suburbs. Patterns already copied from paper, to be chosen at his dwelling, No. 108, north Seventh-street, where written directions will be duly attended to.

N. B. Two boys, from 14 to 18 years of age, and of good moral character, wanted as apprentices.

Augustus Uz.

May 10——tf

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 2.

For the TICKLER.

Friend Toby,

A few evenings since I was standing at the intersection of Arch and Fifth-streets, when I observed a gentleman with 'a portly belly,' in full pursuit of a fair one. The transient view I had of him, induced me to suppose that I must have seen his face on a former occasion——anxious to satisfy myself, I hastened after them, and 'soon o'ertook the *spoil* encumbered' Apollo, with his Daphne most lovingly reclining on his arm. I obtained a full view of his face——and, would you believe it!——he was a colonel, four sevenths of whose name is composed of an English title, abbreviated, and the other three parts are expressed by an *eve's* husband.

TIMOTHY TUG.

PS. I hope, friend Toby, that some of your invisible agents will enable you to inform our citizens how the colonel fared in that engagement. I sincerely hope that he came off victorious, as his death or capture would prove an irreparable loss to the Grand Army of Pennsylvania.

For the TICKLER.

No. I.

To SIMON SNYDER, Esq.

GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

SIR,

Elevated as you have been above the rest of your fellow citizens, by a party opposed to that of which I glory in being a member, and little conversant as you are with the language, and much less with the literature of this country, I can hardly hope that these essays will ever meet your eye: But my wish is not only to strike remorse into your bosom, but to inform our fellow citizens of the villainy which is concealed under your mask of republican simplicity, and of the prostration of their liberties, under the pretence of guarding their '*rights*.' Taken from among the lowest of the people, by those who wished to make you their tool, and having filled various offices with neither credit to yourself nor advantage to your country, you was pitched upon by the popular demagogues, as a fit subject for the governmental chair, *and for their purposes*. A majority of your fellow citizens was found weak enough to agree with them, and you was ushered into your government, amid the applauses of many and the disapprobation of few. Those demagogues poured into the public ear praises of your virtues, your honesty, and your *common* sense. They told the people that 'Pennsylvania had enough of talents and genius, and that she wanted honesty and virtue;' and that 'the plain and simple sense of a farmer was better than the showy and splendid talents of a lawyer.' The people believed them, and the commencement of your government was hailed as the return of the halcyon days of peace and happiness, which Pennsylvania enjoyed during the first years of the administration of Mifflin, where free from the swarms of factious demagogues which now disgrace us, Pennsylvania was flourishing and happy.

Your speech to the assembly seemed to promise as much, and the fear for that excellent structure the constitution, which pervaded the minds of many, was done away by your promising to consider it 'as your polar star.' How grossly and flagrantly you have violated this promise, I shall shew in a future number. But scarcely had you finished putting your signature to it, (for though the sentiments were such as you wished to profess at that time, yet no one believes that you had talents enough to write it) when you commenced the mad and headlong career you have since pursued, a career, which if you continue to pursue, will drive you from your governmental seat, and perhaps fit you for another exalted station.

Your first act, posterior to your speech, was the dismissal of all public officers who had avowed, or were thought to entertain sentiments opposite to yours, among whom there were men of whom any country might be proud, men who fought and bled for the safety and salvation of their country, who had often 'made their breasts their country's bulwark,' whose heads had been bleached, and whose fortunes were expended in the defence of that country, were now ungratefully turned out into the world without shelter or comfort. Perhaps the ingratitude of one's country wounds more deeply than that of friends or relatives——how strong then must have been their emotions, to find that the very scourings of European goals, wretches who purchased their own lives by selling those of their companions,* should be preferred to them, who had spilt their best blood in the defence of liberty and justice. Yes sir, the fact is known, miscreants whom their own country refused to retain, are received, caressed, and raised into power and office by you. My pen is too feeble to describe the emotions I feel on this subject. I must quit it, and in my next will continue my remarks on your speech, and your practical commentary upon it.

I am your fellow citizen,

JUNIUS.

* Vide the Tickler of July 26.

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

I beg leave to introduce to your notice, a son of St. David, to whom you have not paid that attention due to so conspicuous a personage. This gentleman parson left his native mountains in Wales, for reasons best known to himself, about the year 1798, and arrived in Alexandria; being endowed with a little *modest* assurance, in a few days after his arrival he delivered a political Oration at a town-meeting, which together with his interference in all matters, public or private, induced the citizens to dub him 'Parson Botherum,' by which name he was generally known; believing his talents neglected by the Alexandrians, he was induced by that paragon of modesty *Theophilus Harrass* to accompany him to Philadelphia, where no doubt, those qualifications would meet their reward.

In Philadelphia we find him——he casts his eye on a lady of fortune, is introduced, & pays his addresses to her, tosses the servants a guinea a piece as a doceur; assumes an air of importance—takes occasion to drop letters enclosing invoices, &c. purporting to be large consignments from his friends in England——these stratagems have the desired effect——he marries the lady (against the advice of her friends) becomes a great patriot—talks loud about tories, &c——blusters on the election ground—is appointed a bank director by artifice ——Duane is too honest for him—is determined to dismount Billy off the pole——associates with the Maidstone soap boiler——obtains the friendship of, and becomes one of the directors of the king of Ignorance—is in the high road to the office of honour and profit. In fact, I see no man for whom a little easy freedom has done so much, except his bosom friend *Theophilus Harrass*.

I have the honour to be,
Yours,
PARSON GREASY BREECHES.

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em.

I have long wondered of what use *Ear-rings* are to the ladies, but I have at last met with something in a book entitled di logues of Devils, which clears up the matter very well and very satisfactorily. In that book two Devils, (whose names are Fastosus and Impiator, or Pride and Impiety) are represented conversing together. Impiator enquires of Fastosus, 'What is the real use of ear-rings?' Fastosus thus answers him—'They are of no use to the wearer, though they help the gold smith and lapidary not a little; but they are of excellent use to our government:' That is, they are of 'excellent use' to the devil's government; for Fastosus and Impiator were members of the Infernal divan.—Fastosus thus continues, 'you know, Impiator, the *boring* of the ear *always* was and *now is* an emblem of servitude. Yea, it is an incontestible point, that the *act of boring* and suffering the ears to be bored, is a token of subjection to the infernal monarch.' Impiator, quite astonished, cries out—'Ah, sir, how violently the spleen would rage among the ladies, were they to know what you say of them.' I have heard it remarked, that women have no souls; but I never knew before they were the *subjects* of his Belzebubian majesty. The Mosiac law says, that masters bored the ears of those servants who *voluntarily* submitted to become their *slaves* for life. The ladies voluntarily submit to have their ears bored, therefore they voluntarily become the slaves and subjects of the infernal monarch.

Oh! ladies, where is your shame——do you not blush——Is it not enough that you are said to be without souls, without having the *honour* to be proclaimed the subjects of the devil.

If this is the case, and no doubt it is, it would be advisable that the legislature pass a law to forbid the wearing of ear-rings; for if there is not a law passed and that quickly, our city will be *over-run* with devils, as it is at present a great contest among *our ladies* who shall wear the largest ear-rings, or in other words, who shall be the *greatest devil*.

I could enlarge upon the subject; but I think sufficient has already been said, to deter *men* from keeping company with *those devils*; and banish them from our peaceful shores, till they lay aside this superfluous fashion, and again become what they formerly were——*mortals*.

I am, yours, &c.

SOCRATES.

About three weeks since our city was thrown into a violent agitation by a rumour, that *Mr. Yellow Fever* had arrived in town. We have waited with patience to ascertain whether or not the dreadful visitor had actually made his unwelcome appearance, and feel happy in being able to state, that we could not ascertain one single instance of contagious fever to have existed during this season.

During the late unfounded alarm, Dicky West, the pilot, informed our *wonderfully sagacious* Board of Health that he knew a man whom he suspected to be ill of the yellow fever——Hughey Ferguson's false calves shook like aspens——*doctor* Griffiths looked as agitated as if he had eaten an Indian turnip——the *virtuous* Ebenezer Ferguson looked as stern as when reproving a girl of the town——Dr. Heylin appeared to be as much flustered as though he had been squabbling with Matty Randall about parson Hey's *character*——and Billey Binder's face alone preserved the happy, unruffled equanimity of a beer-barrel-head.

'Hey! what's that Dickey—the yellow fever, say you?' cried every one.

Dickey. Yes, the yellow, or the bottle fever.

Hughey. Give me my flannel night-cap.

Elijah. Oh that I had some snake-root bitters!

Ebenezer. I wish I was the sheriff, instead of a board of-health-man!

Dr. Isaac. Once, twice, three, times! I shall be knocked down like a piece of *useless* old lumber.

William. Give me a pint of beer.

After each member had indulged a few *deep* speculative thoughts, Dickey was *duly authorised* to take a one horse cart, and bring the *sick man* to the *Health*-office. This was accomplished, and one of the *medical* gentlemen (Rush, Wistar, Parke, &c. &c. we beg pardon for the abuse of that term) stepped up to the cart, felt his pulse—peeped at his half closed eyes, and bade him put out his tongue——the fellow stretched out one as long as ever hung in the Pennsylvania market——the *doctor* grew pale——drew back and pointed to a white substance visible on his tongue——and ordered the man away as a confirmed case of the yellow fever, of *domestic origin*.

The man actually had a fever——the *rum-fever*——and it was of *domestic origin*, for the fellow had got drunk with New England rum. On the *next day* the man's fever had entirely left him.

Mat Randall says, that after a most assiduous search he has not been able to discover a single case of yellow fever, except Bob Taylor's, and his turned out to be the phthisick-belly-ache, occasioned by his eating too voraciously of sour pears.

We have several *obligingly* impartial and conscientious post-masters on file. The first we shall notice is old saddle pated *Gilbert Pritchard*, of New Garden, Chester county.

It is almost superfluous, we presume, to state that every post-master, who pays any regard to the interest of the post-office establishment, would exert himself to promote an increase of business——but Gilbert Pritchard thinks and acts otherwise——several persons wished to subscribe to the Tickler, and were prevented from so doing by his persuasion——others who had subscribed, were importuned by him to relinquish the paper, whenever the term of subscription should expire——with one he lately succeeded——the man writes, that he has no objections to the paper—his *friends* have urged him to discontinue taking it, and he chooses to gratify them.

This same Gilbert Pritchard is an English renegado—an ignorant, obstinate illiterate fellow, that scarcely can write his own name, and is obliged to apply to others to transact his official business for him. He is the agent for *Mowrey*, the Downingtown turncoat printer, and fit companions they truly are; as ever ignorance and malevolence presented to the world.

We wish to know whether old Pritchard, like Mr. Andecourt, was not made in a great hurry——'with his brains in his belly, and his guts in his head.'

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

The following conversation lately took place at the '*Hornet's-nest*,' between George Reinhart, John Catfish Miller and Jacob Humbugger.

REINHART. *(Addressing Miller and Humbugger.)* You gentleman, who have got offices, may well drink Madeira wine——you have only to add it to the contingent expences in your account——for my part, I must be content to drink simple ale, beer, and gin-toddy. D—me if I paint any more! I'll set up for county commissioner at the next election!—won't you support me citizens? [Aye, ye, cried every one] Georgey Reinhart shall be the man——we will speak to doctor Leib for you; and as Billy Duane has lately given you the painting of his new sign, and you have pleased him, we all expect that he will give you his support.

CATFISH MILLER. Citizens, if it was not for the contingent account, I am sure that I would not be able to drink wine; but as I charge my drink to that fund, I may as well drink the best wine as not; and therefore I am contented with my office.

HUMBUGGER. Vy, chendelmen shittizens, you are not up to my mettod——I makes money py my office and don't lay out a farling——I bocket my zalary glear, und more——[Here Reinhart vociferated 'hear! hear him!'] *Humbugger in continuation*——Vy, chendelmens, do you see, I bockets my zalary; my trink I gharge do de gondingend fund——but how doo you dink I bockets more? Vy I will dell you. Ofter we haf summond a chury do lay out roats und soe foart, you noa de churymen ar endideld do soe many tollars a tay, abeece——I cot mineself abbinted a kind of dreshurer do de poart, und ater de chury haf done deir pissness, I makes out a pill of vat dey ar do kett, und kets a trat for it in my favour, on the gounty dreshurer——he den bays me, und how many of de churymen goll for deir munney?——vy not haf, ha! ha! ha!

REINHART. A cunning old rook! but d—me, if you don't run me for county commissioner at the ex-

piration of your term, I'll blow you up——I'll tell Toby Scratch'em and he'll TICKLE you.

HUMBUGGER. Oh no Shorge, for Cot's zake don't dell that d——n Dickler. Ise teffelish afrait of dat dem feller. Now, Shorge Reinhart, if you dell him, you wont be a cood dimmeygrat, will he Miller?

REINHART. I am only joking——but I shall always after this laugh heartily, when I hear of contingent expences and contingent funds, ha, ha, ha! But tell me Humbugger, how the devil came you to think of getting the jurors fees into your hands-----I always thought that the county treasurer paid the jurors?

HUMBUGGER. Vy, Shorge, dat yewst do pe de kaase, bud I dold de kummishuners dat es was dem hart dat de dimmeygrats of de Nordern Libberdees shud haf to ko all de vay down pelow Irish-down, do Swire Mac Mullens, by the Sweets ghurdgch for dein munnees, ven I cud bay 'em so hantey. But I dell you Mac Mullens lookt dem ankrey ad me, und ef I vas not a coot freunt of his, he would a zaid zumding. But, Shorge, now don't dell de Dickler; for ef dat dem feller vas do know vat ve vas tooing, he wud blay de teufel, und I shud not be tought an honnest dimmeygrat, aldo I am as cood a one as gapdain Crafton.

George Reinhart here assured Humbugger that he was only jesting about 'dellin de Dickler,' but he was in earnest about being a county commissioner.

LE DIABLE BOITEUX.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

In your paper of Wednesday the 19th of July, I stated that Isaac R. Marshall had rented me a house in Strawberry-street, and since had attempted to defraud me of my right to the premises, and that Mr. Enoch Wheeler, alias *E. W.* aided and abetted in the defraud——your paper of last Wednesday contains a denial of my statement, under the initials of Enock Wheeler's name,* in a very absurd form, and we recommend it to the perusal of any person who wishes to hear a sorry string of prevarications for the bribe of a '*glass of wine.*' I invite any gentleman without offering a glass of wine, to call at the office of the Tickler, where he will find the names of four *gentleman* who can substantiate the truth of my statement, and a note of Isaac R. Marshall's relative to it, which will do Mr. Gentleman Wheeler and Mr. Student of morals Marshall much honor. If put to more trouble in this business, I shall notice the conduct of a certain auctioneer.

The following is a correct copy of the original note from Isaac R. Marshall.

Mr. W. F. M'Laughlin,

I have been informed that you intend to appropriate part of the house we now occupy, to a *printing-office*. Please inform me if this is the case, for I am confident the landlord would not permit a business to be carried on within the house, which would injure it as much as the printing business would. Please inform me immediately, and if you wish it, I will write to the landlord, who is in N. York.

I remain yours,

ISAAC R. MARSHALL.

Wednesday, May 10, '09.

W. F. M'LAUGHLIN.

---

*. The article alluded to was dropped into the letter-box and received by the editor, as coming from Mr. Wheeler. From the assurances of a gentleman of Mr. W's acquaintance, we are induced to believe that he did not write the piece himself, and that it was one of those impositions so frequently practised upon the most cautious editors.

For the TICKLER.

Prospectus of the INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN.

'My paper is Ulysses's bow, in which every man of wit or learning may try his strength.'

Addison's Guardian.

The dissemination of knowledge is the most effectual way to perpetuate the existence of a free government. Wherever we examine the situation of nations, whether of ancient or modern times, we find *that* people to have been uniformly the most oppressed, amongst whom the light of science was perceived only by a feeble glimmering. And it is certainly rational to suppose, that where the rights of man are least understood, they will be least attended to.

But, whether servilely cringing in obedience to the will of a despot, or roaming in the forest, and unrestrainedly enjoying his natural freedom: whether cheerfully submitting to the just sanctions of a mild and legitimate monarchy, or participating in the administration of a really free government. Man always possesses certain indefeasible, inherent rights, which are termed his natural rights, and which, though they be latent, are never extinct; rights which, though they may be modified by civil regulations for social purposes, can never be destroyed by any legislature, nor, consistently with his moral duty, vacated by any man.

It shall therefore be a primary consideration with the editor of this paper, to fully trace, and clearly define the rights of the individual and the rights of the community; to promulgate on all occasions, useful information——to expose villainy and denounce corruption, under whatever garb or name they may appear. *Satire*, if well directed, is frequently a successful weapon, with which to attack deep rooted absurdities, and to exhibit in proper colours and thereby foil the machinations of unprincipled demagogues, it will therefore always claim his attention and hold a conspicuous place in the columns of the *Independent Republican*. Biography, general history, and the sciences, so far as they may be rendered subservient to the attainment of the object proposed as the end of these essays, will likewise be engaged as auxiliaries. Criticism's on editorial remarks, and expositions of the fallacy of many of the prognostications by the editors 'friends to the people,' will not be entirely neglected.

These objects, I scruple not to imagine, must meet with general approbation, and it shall be my study to adhere through the course of the ensuing numbers, to the principles proposed in this. The Independent republican, as set forth in the motto, is Ulysses's bow, in which every man of wit or learning may try his strength, it will at all times be open to literary contributions, which will be acknowledged and appreciated as their intrinsic worth dictates: but no communication which militates against true republican principles can ever find admission.

LAMPIDIUS.

July 29, 1809.

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em.

The following description of the situation of the borough of West-chester was lately given by the register of Chester county, appointed by king Simon the first, to a gentleman of your city who went to West-chester to spend some time during the warm weather.

Having accidentally fallen in company with Mr. Kenney, he according to his usual freedom and ease, proceeded to state to his friend the many very great advantages which the borough possessed, as well on account of the goodness of the water, and its healthy situation, which, as he said 'was most above all to be desired; indeed, my dear sir, quoth he, I assure you that for the *salubrity of the soil and fertility of the air*, there is never such an a place in all the great world of America——besides, sir, here in the four great roads just that leads to the four great corners of the globe——here is the great road leading till the west of us an till our great western country, and behold to east of us there is also the mighty great road that leads to the great & mighty city of Philadelphia the great metropolis of America——and here is the great road leading to the north that extends to a great distance until it comes into the great & mighty turnpike that runs far distant to the west of us——and to the south do ye see, is the greatest of all others that leads down till the great water——and sir, moreover, just our little town you see will greatly encrease in the course of time, with respect not only to wealth & worldly acquirements, but also to litterary information which thrives among us just like honey bees in a great hive——indeed sir, your honour might very justly compare this fine little town which possesses all these desirable qualities, and which is so handsomely laid out at right angles with the four great roads running it, to the very back of a lobster ——here is all a man's heart and soul could desire——then is the great inns in this place that afford every kind of nourishment and refreshment the traveller could wish for.'

This *elegant* description of Westchester, so ably laid down by Kenny to his friend, no doubt will make a lasting impression upon his mind, as report says he was much gratified with the description. You may insert it if you think proper, as no doubt there are many people in your great city who have never had a description of the *great* metropolis of Chester county.

Yesterday morning, the culvert about to be constructed in Walnut above Sixth-street, was commenced. As the culvert is of a circular form, it consequently results that it has no corners, therefore no *corner stone* could be laid on the occasion; but it affords us infinite satisfaction to announce that our mild, augmentative, and *enlightened* fellow citizen, Mr. commissioner Jemmy Ker, laid the first stone, for which honor he treated the workmen very handsomely. *Fifty cents.*

THE ROSE.

See, Delia, see the blushing rose,
Fairest of every flower that blows.
Expands its beauties to the morn:
Not all Arabia's rich perfume,
Can so much fragrance boast,
As that fair rose, now in its bloom,
Yet all it's beauty's lost,
If you but touch the pointed thorn.

OLIVIA.

In a late 'Democratic Press,' Binns has published an account of an eating match between three Hampshire against an equal number of *Maidstone* men. We admit that he is very capable of judging what *Maidstone* boys can do——we only feel surprised that he ever suffers the name of that ugly town *Maidstone* to appear in the 'Press' it certainly must cause some unpleasant sensations, if he can feel.

QUIGLEY.

Billy Duane has become such a great man, that like the Hibernian who was imported in *two* ships, he must have two houses to reside in, to the exclusion of Binns, who just the reverse of Sterne's starling, cries 'I can't get in!'

The Board of Health are requested to notice a *Meer* nuisance in south Seventh-street, which is becoming extremely offensive to neighbours and passengers.

NOSEY.

Friend Scratch'em,

As it is one of your special avocations to detect and drag to light criminals, who have had sufficient artifice or good fortune to hide their evil deeds from the eyes of men, I invite your attention to a wretch residing in Blockley township, who after committing the foulest of crimes on his own sister, (whose intellects were in a deranged state) fled from his native state to this neighbourhood, to avoid the uplifted arm of justice, & as though the measure of his iniquities had not yet been filled, he had scarce eluded the grasp of the minions of violated law, ere he planned and succeeded in the seduction of a respectable shoemaker's daughter, of Kingsessing township, with whom he now lives, in violation of law and decency. On a future occasion you may again hear from

A JOLLY FARMER.

We owe an apology to the sons of Hibernia, for having classed *Alek M'Carraher*, the horse auctioneer as an Irishman. The insult offered to them was very great, and we humbly entreat their pardon. Alek is only a Chester county Irishman.

It is said by some of the Snyderites, that the recent caucus Duane states to have been held at Germantown, was not called together for political purposes, but only to take a dinner in a *sociable way*. But our information adds that the parties were specially invited to eat Germantown *bull frogs*.

Although Aaron Burr has been loaded with the execration of the citizens of the United States, for his *murder*, and meditated treason, yet we hear of a young gentleman who aspires to the *honourable* distinction of a duellist, by sending challenges to men that he knows are averse to the barbarous practice of deciding disputes by leaden arbitrators. Let the youngster beware, or he may chance to be dubbed *Aaron Burr, junior*.

W. B.

To a bullying correspondent.

. We acknowledge the receipt of a DOUBTING 'Subscriber's' communication, and care not a jot how soon nor in which way he solves his *doubts*. As to his 'goose, thimble & yard-stick,' composition, we should not hesitate to give it a place, were it not for one trifling objection---and that is, he is entirely mistaken in his man. The gentleman to whom he alludes, knows no more about, nor has any greater agency in the business than the 'Subscriber's' near relative. *the man in the Moon*. Another cogent reason for not publishing his remarks, is, the matters in variance are settled for the present, and so we advise him to reserve them till some future period, or until he *makes* another *new* play.

[*From the New Bedford Mercury.*]

Mr. LINDSEY,

Having overheard the substance of the following lines, at the celebration of the 4th of July, at *Taunton*, I have thought it no more than friendly to throw the remarks into rhyme, to amuse the minds and aid the memories of our democratic brethren.

Little Tom and his mate both feds to the bone,
Stood and laugh'd at the jacobin treat;
Slunk lamb and hot cider, bread hard as a stone;
In short, nothing wholesome to eat.

Said Tom, 'they've no pigs.'—Nay, there's plenty said Will,
'Tis a shame, a *mistake* to deride;
'They've no pigs *on* the table, I grant; but be still,
And go reckon the snouts at the *side*.'

TURTLE SOUP.

THE PUBLIC ARE RESPECTFULLY INFORMED, that Turtle Soup will be ready from 4 until 10 P. M. on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS & FRIDAYS, during the season, at the sign of Columbus, No. 110, north 2d street.

B. Roberts.

[*From the Lancaster Journal.*]

The people of Pennsylvania are not only radically but *obstinately* wrong. They are deluded and *kept in constant delusion*, by an unprincipled set of office-hunters. They are taught to despise all men of talents and respectability and to oppose men of property and education as their worst enemies. We cheerfully admit, that the great bulk of them are honest, well meaning men; but they are coaxed and flattered and cajoled and worked with, like mere oxen, for the benefit of their loaders or drivers. And shall federalists, knowing these melancholy truths, be afraid to avow them? We trust not. Let us not be ashamed to look at our real situation. Let it be known that almost every office-hunting demagogue that ever belonged to the federal party has left it, to scramble among the deluders of the people for a share of the public treasure. Let the purity, the honesty, the integrity, and the intelligence of the federal party in Pennsylvania be known to our brethren in the sister states, that they may reciprocate with us in the honor and the gratification of being superior to any mean or contemptible artifice for the purpose of getting into power. Let us by every opportunity inform the people of their duty and their interest, and in time they may be induced to pursue both, and throw off the yoke of their seducers.—We say *in time*, because nothing but time, and a wide spread of *information*, constantly circulated among the people, can, in our opinion, fix the honor and the interest of Pennsylvania, upon any permanent foundation. A large majority of the people, we repeat it with pleasure, are honest and well intentioned, but it is equally true that they are not *well-informed*. They will not think for themselves, and hence it is, that so many of them are the credulous tools of designing partizans.

Shall we be afraid to acknowledge the lamentable truth, that the white population of Pennsylvania is *by far the most illiterate* of any state in the union? But it is so, and this comports with the views of jacobinism. The more ignorant the people are kept, the more easily are they seduced and led away from their real interest——the more eager they are to oppose men of talents and information. The jacobin leaders know this, and therefore, notwithstanding it is completely in their power, they shew not the least disposition to comply with the constitutional injunction of establishing *free schools throughout the state*. Whenever this has been attempted, they have clogged the project with so many difficulties, that nothing to operate equally and efficient could ever be accomplished.

Is it a truism that ought not to be repeated, that about one-fifth of the people of Pennsylvania are unable to read the laws or the proceedings of the legislature? Is it any wonder, then, that they are to depend upon others for an opinion at elections?

We are cursed with *national* distinctions. We hear of a 'German interest' and of an Irish interest,' but not of an *American* interest. The jacobins knew they would succeed with Simon Snyder, because weak & ignorant as he was, and without any claim upon the public favor, they knew that he would be supported by a great part of the *German* interest; because—why?—because he was a *German!* Well—that being fixed, the only business to accomplish was, to coax the *Irish* to vote for a *German* governor. This was to be done by telling them that Mr. Snyder was a great REPUBLICAN and an enemy to *kings*, & that the Federalists want to establish *a monarchy*. The honest but well intentioned Irish having experienced the sad effects of a monarchy in their own country, come to America *ready made* REPUBLICANS, and before they can look about and *think for themselves*, they are entrapped by the party that bawls loudest in favour of republicanism and against monarchy. To secure this class of people, the two leading papers in the state are printed by Irishmen, whose whole duty is to abuse the king of England and his ministry, applaud the great king maker of Europe and prate about republicanism. Do federalists know these things and yet be afraid to speak them? We shall be told, perhaps, that we had 'better said nothing about them;' that 'we are speaking ill of the Germans and Irish,' &c. Be it so. If telling the truth will make them our enemies, we cannot help it. The editor of this paper has no prepossessions but in favour of the land he lives in. He considers an Irishman, a German and an American upon an equal footing as men. There are good and bad of all nations. The soil that gives birth to a man neither makes him better nor worse. It is his conduct. Our object is to shew that the true *American* spirit is lost by these *national* distinctions. The moment a man is entitled to a vote among us, he should be known only as an AMERICAN. The moment a foreigner becomes naturalized according to the laws of our country and abjures his first allegiance, he ceases, politically, to be any thing but an American. And yet we have seen associations in this country for the purpose of keeping up the IRISH party, as it is called ——and we have seen the democratic prints before an election, teeming with addresses to 'IRISHMEN,' and to 'GERMANS,' but not a single word to the AMERICANS; and we have seen men whose families for generations have been born and resided in the state, voting for a governor, not because they thought him fit for the office—but because he was *nicknamed* a *German*. Shame on such distinctions. When shall we see the day that they are all buried, and that the Germans and Irish will feel themselves more honoured by the title of *AMERICANS* than by any other?——And yet until that day arrives the *American spirit* of Pennsylvania will ever be depressed.

These remarks are written hastily & without much consideration, other than that which the feelings of the moment dictated.

FROM THE BOSTON MIRROR.

INVOCATION TO HOPE.

'Tis thine sweet hope, to gild each gloomy hour
Of life's dull circle, with a genial ray;
Bid the poor sufferer feel thy soothing pow'r,
And, ever ready, own thy gentle sway.

Then welcome pleasing guest; depriv'd of thee,
What gloom impervious shrouds the dark'ning soul!
Despair aghast——and pale despondency
Usurp thy throne, and each sad thought controul.

Celestial goddess——still exert thy pow'r,
O'er us, frail mortals, thy soft influence hold,
And tinge with sunshine each revolving hour,
That one faint gleam of joy may each unfold.

ANNA.

THE CHINESE DINNER.

A fact which occurred during lord Macartney's embassy to China.

The feast prepar'd, the splendor round
Allow'd the eyes no rest!
The wealth of 'Ormus and the Ind.'
Appear'd to greet the guest.

No idle tongue, no converse light,
The solemn silence broke,
Because, 'tis fam'd our Englishman
No word of Chinese spoke!

Ching-tau, his host, press'd on each dish,
With polish'd Chinese grace,
And much Ching thought he relish'd them
At every ugly face.

At last he swore he'd eat no more,
I was written in his looks!
For zounds, he said, the Devil here
Sends both the meat and cooks.

But, covers chang'd he brighten'd up,
And thought himself in luck,
When, close before him, what he saw
Seem'd something like a duck.

Still *cautious* grown, and to be sure,
His brain he set to rack;
At length he turn'd to one behind,
And, pointing, cried '*Quack, quack!*'

The Chinese gravely shook his head,
Next made a rev'rent bow,
And then express'd what dish it was,
By uttering, *bow, wow, wow!*

* *Milton.*

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

I entreat your advice. The young men tell me I am very handsome, and as they are the best judges, I make it a point never to dispute their assertions, either by conduct or expression. I was invited to a party on last Thursday evening, and after an hours contemplation of my candid monitor, the looking glass, I felt myself more charming and irresistible than ever, and I assure you I was not deceived, as I was fortunate enough to monopolize the attentions of three of the handsomest beaux present. This, of course, created the jealousy of the female part of the company, and by their looks I could easily infer that I was the happiest girl in the room. My good luck, however, did not last long; some one officiously remarked, that the conversation ought to become general, and for that purpose, proposed a stupid kind of play, wherein each person in company was to take their situation in the middle of the room, & have a comparison made upon them by every one present. This displeased me much; at length it came to my turn, and their opinions, good or bad, I heard with indifference, until the handsome Mr. M— pronounced me to be like the Venus de *Mendoza* or some such out-of-the-way name. The general admiration which the young men expressed at this comparison, directly impelled me to conclude that it must be a tip-top compliment; smiles once more illumined my countenance, & I retained the most charming harmony of spirits during the rest of the evening, in spite of the malicious glances of the envious females who graced the entertainment. I took care not to expose my ignorance of the meaning of the compliment, but curiosity would not suffer me to rest till I found out who this Venus de *Mendoza* was——therefore, upon reaching home, I went to the library, & after poring over every *dictionary* in it, I was going to bed in despair, when I accidentally opened the Sporting Magazine, and espied the name of *Mendoza*. This revived my hopes, I hastily *spelled* over the article, and to my utter disappointment, found it to be the name of a man who was a great boxer, and gave an account of some terrible knock-downs he gave to a fellow of the name of Humphreys. Surely, sir, Mr. M. could not have intended to compare me to a pugilist——my person and deportment forbids the idea; and however *handy* I may be with our maids, it certainly could not have come to his knowledge. I intend to 'set my cap' at him, and it would be shocking to be insulted at the onset. I therefore ask your opinion upon the occasion——your learning will enable you to tell me if the gentleman has not made some mistake in the name, and who he meant to compare me to.

HENRIETTA.

[We cheerfully comply with the request of our fair correspondent, and entreat her not to suffer her flow of spirits to be depressed——in all probability the young gentleman *intended* paying her an highly flattering compliment——we presume he meant to have compared her to the *VENUS DE MEDICIS*. We embrace this opportunity to request Henrietta not to harbour any resentment towards the young gentleman, who by his unfortunate mistake exposed her to the ill-natured sneers of her female companions, as such occurrences are not altogether novel among the fashionable youngsters of this city.]

The duke of York's bestowing military commissions to gratify the cupididity of his *miss*, is a strong proof of Mrs. Clarke's facinating powers: and the duke may with propriety plead that he was most egregiously *miss-led*.

At a race in the north of Ireland some time ago, among other horses, one called *Botherum*, started for the plate. An Irishman taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favor——towards the conclusion of the race, his favorite was unluckily far behind, when he exclaimed, 'Oh by the hokey there he is, *Botherum* for ever, see how he drives them all before him.'

Heraldry.

Lawyer Notquiteblack has recently set up his coach, but omitted having a coat of arms painted on it. As his ancestors never *bore any arms* to our knowledge, other than Adam's *arms*, we have been at no small pains to select a coat of arms for this worthless disciple of Viner, which will be in strict accordance with his *practice* and *sensations*.

Armorial bearings. Two cur dogs tugging at a human heart, snarling.

Crest. A vulture with wings expanded, or, preying upon an infant in its cradle, proper.

Supporters. Two men-tigers affrontée, or, their visage like human, proper.

Motto. 'Ung je serviray,' i.e. 'I will serve but ONE.

'Whene'er a man, elate with conscious pride,
Marches about with meanness at his side,
Among his seniors fawning, cringing, base,
Among his equals fill'd with *equal* grace,
Yearning for power, yet worshiping the crowd,
In morals mild, in praise of freedom loud,
Of *foes* the foe, the sovereign 'people's friend,'
Of means regardless, anxious for the end,
Of tyrants fearful, *candid, meek and just*,
The rights of man his sole and sacred trust,
Bankrupt in fame, the foe of all that's good,
Hostile in peace, and fierce for shedding blood:
Such men avoid, their vile communion shun,
In black corruption all their counsels run,
They're jacobins—French tools—of spirit fell,
Their breath is poison, and their haunts is hell!

FOR THE TICKLER.

Says Sam to Jem, with serious air,
'Tis very wrong, friend Jem, to swear.
You're right, says Jem, but tell me why,
You say it is not wrong to lie.
I say not so, young Sam replies,
He's in the sin who always lies.

ADEXIS.

Young Lockit is still tolerated as keeper of the prison of the city and county of Philadelphia——'tis strange—'tis passing strange!' At one time the Inspectors were equally divided upon a question for his dismissal——yet he is still retained!

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Published every Wednesday morning

BY GEORGE HELMBOLD,

No. 171, south Front-street.